THE RAGTIMER

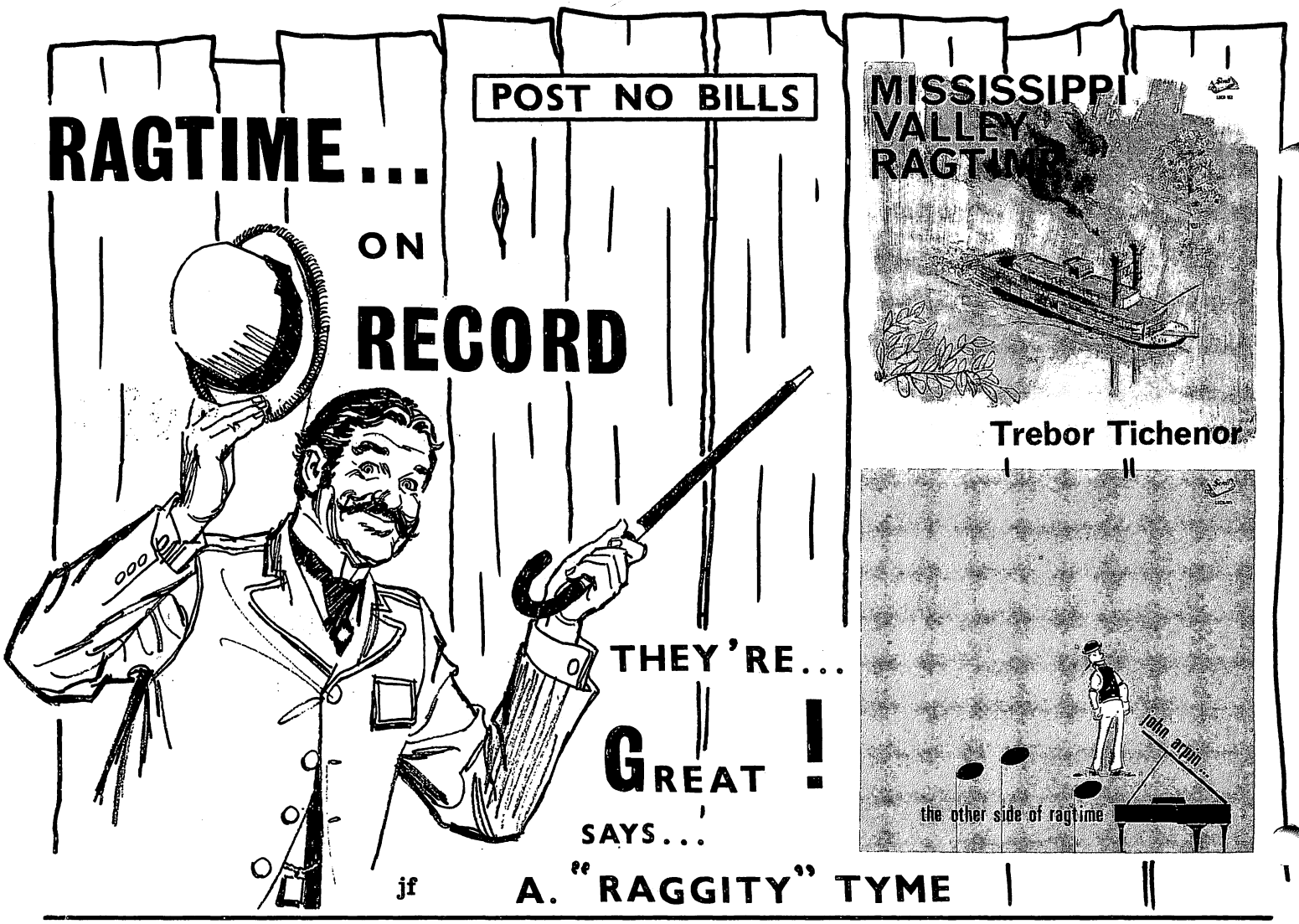
SEPTEMBER 1969

OCTOBER 1969

PUBLISHED BY

THE RAGTIME SOCIETY

DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF CLASSICAL RAGTIME



MISSISSIPPI VALLEY RAGTIME.....TREBOR TICHENOR RSR-05. Price-$5.00

Side One	Side Two
The Mississippi Valley Frolic (Tichenor)	The Show Me Rag.....(Tichenor)
The Naked Dance.....(Morton)	The Bowery Buck.....(Turpin)
X.L. Rag.....(Settle)	Chestnut Street in the '90s...(Campbell)
The Favorite.....(Joplin)	It's A Long Way Back Home.....(Tichenor)
Ham And - In Ragtime.....(Marshall)	Big Fat Ham.....(Morton)
'Possum And 'Taters.....(Hunter)	After The 'Possum Hunt.....(Basler)
	Blind Boone's Rag·Medley No. 2...(Boone)

THE OTHER SIDE OF RAGTIME.....JOHN ARPIN RSR-06. Price-$5.00

Side One	Side Two
Gladiolus Rag.....(Joplin)	Wild Cherries Rag.....(Snyder)
Augustan Club Waltzes.....(Joplin)	Meadowlark Rag.....(Pitts)
Troubadour Rag.....(Scott)	Toronto Blues.....(Arpin)
Sunburst Rag.....(Scott)	Chevy Chase.....(Blake)
Alaskan Rag.....(Lamb)	Dead Man Blues.....(Morton)
Excelsior Rag.....(Lamb)	Kansas City Stomps.....(Morton)

COMBINATION OFFER!
Both of the above records, mailed to ONE address, for $8.50.

For information on other "Society" records available from stock, and postal rates for overseas orders, see PAGE 8.

RAGTIME...
UNDER YOUR HAT

THE RAGTIME SOCIETY

is a non-profit organization for people interested in Ragtime. Services include the publication of this magazine about all phases of classic Ragtime, the printing of sheet music, and maintenance of hard-to -find Ragtime books and records. We also record on our own label and associate label, bringing you performances of both old and new Ragtime.

THE RAGTIME SOCIETY
EXECUTIVE

John Arpin
Jack Cuff
Jean Cuff
John Fairhead
Allen MacInnes
Idamay MacInnes
Baron McCormick

EDITORIAL.

Well, here we are approaching winter and another new year. 1969 has been a successful year for the Ragtime Society- meaning, of course, a really good hike in membership Since dues are on a calendar year basis, this is a plea for membership for the year 1970. In order to maintain services and continue printing the newsletter, please support us with your early remittance of $5..00. This will allow us to budget our year and provide you with a more efficient Society. As always, your continued support keeps Ragtime alive and our pledge is to carry on with the dissemination of the word.

Our "Bash" is shaping up into a dandy party. It appears that it will be bigger and better than ever. Next issue we will cover all the excitement.

Another plea from the executive! Any articles, interesting data, catalogues, etc. pertaining to Ragtime and which you feel would be of interest to members, would beappreciated for publication in the Ragtimer. For those who like to try a hand at writing, how about pledging yourself to a project for 1970. If we may make suggestions- how about biographical material on rag composers, or an article on ragtime piano rolls. and records, ragtime and the cylinder, new ragtime performers and compositions etc . . . We need YOU!

Large THANK YOUS to Jack Cuff for his series of articles entitled "THOSE RAGTIME YEARS", (they're great and interesting reading, Jack, keep 'em coming!) ; to Ted Paddon for his brilliant detective work in finding ragtime music, articles etc . ; and last , but not least, to Tex Wyndham for his informative record reviews.

THE RAGTIMER is published six times per year by THE RAGTIME SOCIETY, P.O. Box 520, Weston, Ontario, Canada, for its members. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission of THE RAGTIME SOCIETY is prohibited. Membership, $5.00 per year, includes all six issues for the current year.

LETTERS

Letters are welcome from members. We will attempt to answer questions pertaining to ragtime in this column. Full address of correspondent will be printed unless requested otherwise.

The Reprint Club continues to come up with some goodies. "Stewed Chicken" was my favorite of the last batch. It's one I had heard of, but hadn't heard. Sounding out the late John St. Cyr a few years ago on the old rag repetoire, he mentioned this one as a number the early bands he was in used to play. He hummed a few rembered measures of it at a fairly brisk tempo as I recall.

Keep up the good work . Blessings on the Reprint Club!

Sincerely,
Bill Mitchell
Downey , California. .

**** **** **** **** **** ****

. . . I am looking for a copy of Jelly Roli 's "Sweet Substitute". . Any clues would be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Paul Warren Keating
Fitchburg, Mass. .

(Ed. --We thank Mr. Keating for providing piano scores of Yamekraw for the Society and for Mr. Joel Newman . We are sorry we do not have a copy of Sweet Substitute but we hope that one of our members can help him.

**** **** **** **** **** **** ****

. . . I am now in the player piano repair business full time now, and I am willing to give members of the Ragtime Society a 10% discount. I am willing to travel any distance within reason of Toronto.

Sincerely,
Ted Paddon
4 Ellen St.
Port Hope , Ontario

**** **** **** **** **** **** ****

. . . Re: RSR 08 The Music of Joe Jordan by Lois Delano
In my opinion this is the finest record issued by the Society so far. I sincerely wish Miss Delano be given another opportunity to record.

Thanking you for your devotion.

Yours Sincerely,
Vincent Terbois
Geneva Switzerland

RECORD REVIEW

by TEX WYNDHAM

Charles Luckeyth 'Luckey' Roberts was one of the veterans of the New York 'rent party' style of piano playing and perhaps the most legendary. Among a group of pianists such as James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Willie 'The Lion' Smith, for whom melodic invention, rhythmic drive and flashy technique were standards to be maintained at an unusually high level, Roberts apparently was considered a giant of the keyboard. It has been said that, in his youth before suffering two automobile accidents (one of which damaged his hands) he could stretch a fourteenth with each hand. One hears that his compositions were so difficult that no one else could play them as originally conceived and that one of his rags 'Ripples Of The Nile', was so hard that Roberts finally slowed it down and converted it into a ballad--the ever-popular 'Moonlight Cocktail'.

Roberts was an extremely successful musician, at times writing for Broadway shows and leading one of the most popular society orchestras in the East. Moreover, he remained reasonably active throughout his long life, owing his own club in Harlem where, even in his later years, he could be heard at the piano.

With this type of reputation, and presumably easy accessibility to his public, it is nothing short of astonishing--particularly in view of the tremendous interest in jazz research that has developed since the New Orleans revival of the late thirties and early forties--that there is such a dearth of information and recordings dealing with Roberts. The few pages on Roberts in TAPR pretty much embrace all of the reliable biographical information on this remarkable musician. And, to my knowledge, the entire Luckey Roberts discography consists of exactly three sessions:

> Six sides for Circle Records, issued on Circle 78 rpm discs, never reissued on Lp in the United States--all piano solos, recorded May 22, 1946. Selections were: Railroad Blues, Ripples Of The Nile, Pork and Beans, Shy and Sly, Music Box Rag, Junk Man Rag.
>
> Period RL 1929 'Happy Go Lucky'. Selections were: St. Louis Blues, By the Beautiful Sea, If You Knew Susie, After You've Gone, Darktown Strutters' Ball, Bill Bailey, Ballin' The Jack, Honeysuckle Rose, I'm Runnin' Wild, Sweet Georgia Brown, I'm Wild About Harry. (All tracks by Roberts, piano; with Garvin Bushell, clarinet and alto saxophone; Joseph Benjamin, string bass; and Herbert Cowens, drums.)
>
> Good Time Jazz M 12035 'Luckey & The Lion'. Piano solos. Selections were: Nothin', Spanish Fandango, Railroad Blues, Complainin', Inner Space, Outer Space. (Other tracks are piano solos by Willie 'The Lion' Smith.)

Apparently Roberts was never recorded before the accident which injured his hands. But according to TAPR, he could still play a real fine piano at the time of the Circle sessions. Considering that these were his earliest recordings, Roberts is likely to have retained more of his youthful vigor and skill for them. Moreover, the titles include several of his most famous rags. Therefore, it seems reasonable to believe that these tracks are of most interest to ragtimers. It is to be hoped that George H. Buck, Jr., who owns the G. H. B. and Jazzology labels and who has recently acquired the rights to the Circle material, will see fit to reissue them on Lp.

The Period Lp has been deleted, but aside from its historical value as one of the few sessions on which Roberts plays, the deletion is no great loss. The Lp consists of sing-along-type music of the most routine and pedestrian sort from beginning to end, despite the presence of Roberts and the excellent reed man Garvin Bushell. It is certainly a sham that the producers of this record did not give the musicians some chance to break out of the trite, bouncy format even for a few bars, because this record gives no indication of Roberts' legendary abilities. Utterly devoid of any musical merit, the tunes could have been made by any reasonably competent studio musicians.

The Good Time Jazz Lp, however, is another story. Roberts' six tracks, all original compositions, are performed with a depth and flair characteristic of the best 'rent party' piano playing. Despite the fact that Roberts had been through both accidents, and had suffered a stroke shortly before this March 1958 session as well, his playing is of a very high standard and certainly provides some evidence that, as a younger man, he was capable of living up to the legends circulated about him. The only indication of deterioration in his playing consists in the execution which, while certainly not sloppy, still lacks the bell-like precision that can be heard in the playing of other first-rank Harlem pianists. In any event, particularly considering that Roberts was in his late sixties at the time of the session, his performance is remarkable in every way and stands up well against other recordings in that style.

Roberts passed away early in 1968, foreclosing any additional chance to document his playing. The Good Time Jazz Lp however, is an appropriate memorial for this veteran of ragtime and jazz piano, and would be enjoyed by almost any fan of ragtime or early jazz. Moreover, as mentioned in our recent review which dealt with Willie 'The Lion' Smith, this Lp also contains six solos by The Lion at the top of his excellent form. And to anyone contemplating purchase of this only available recording by Roberts, I'd add one more piece of wisdom--Good Time Jazz's output has come to a virtual standstill over the last few years, so you'd better strike while the iron is still at least luke warm.

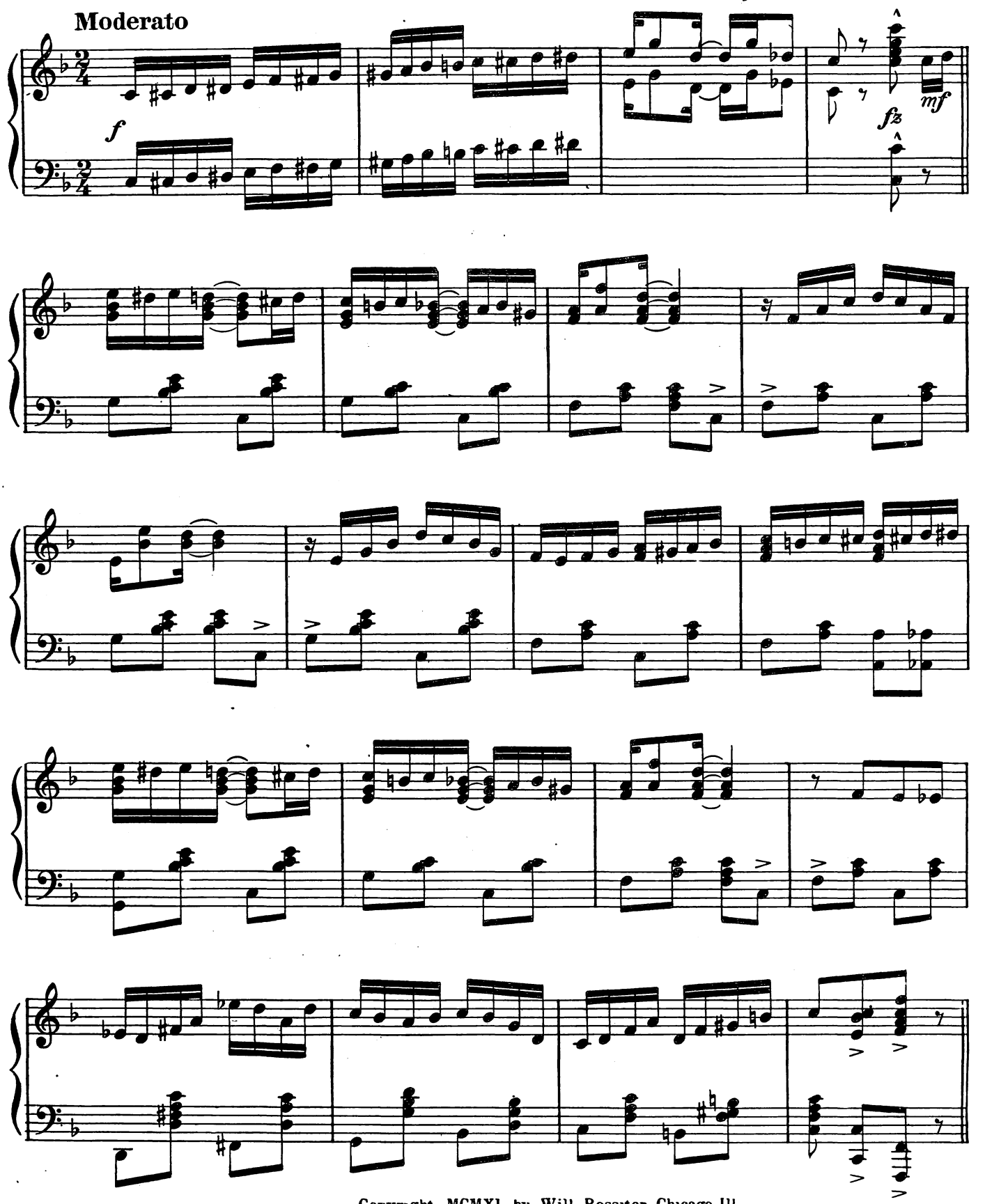
NEW RECORD RELEASE BY JOHN ARPIN

John Arpin has a new record release which includes some good Ragtime music. This recording is on the Columbia (Harmony) label and the Society now has a limited quantity available for members at the following prices:

SHIPPED IN CANADA-- --$2.50 ppd.
SHIPPED TO U. S. A. ------$2.75 ppd.
SHIPPED OVERSEAS------$3. 25ppd.

Dedicated to Russell L Joseph

HALLOWE'EN
The Jack O'Lantern Rag

by ARTHUR MANLOWE

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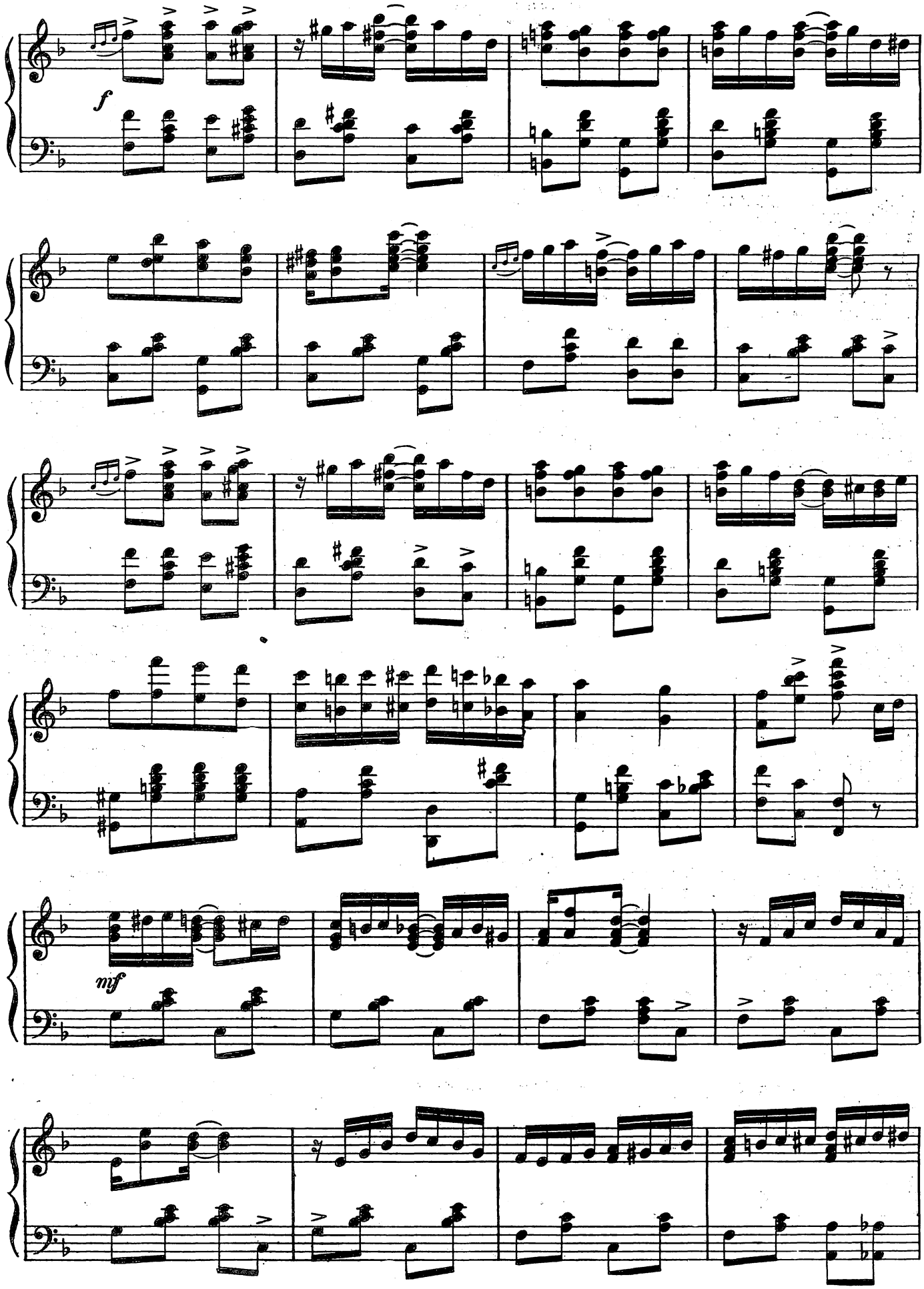
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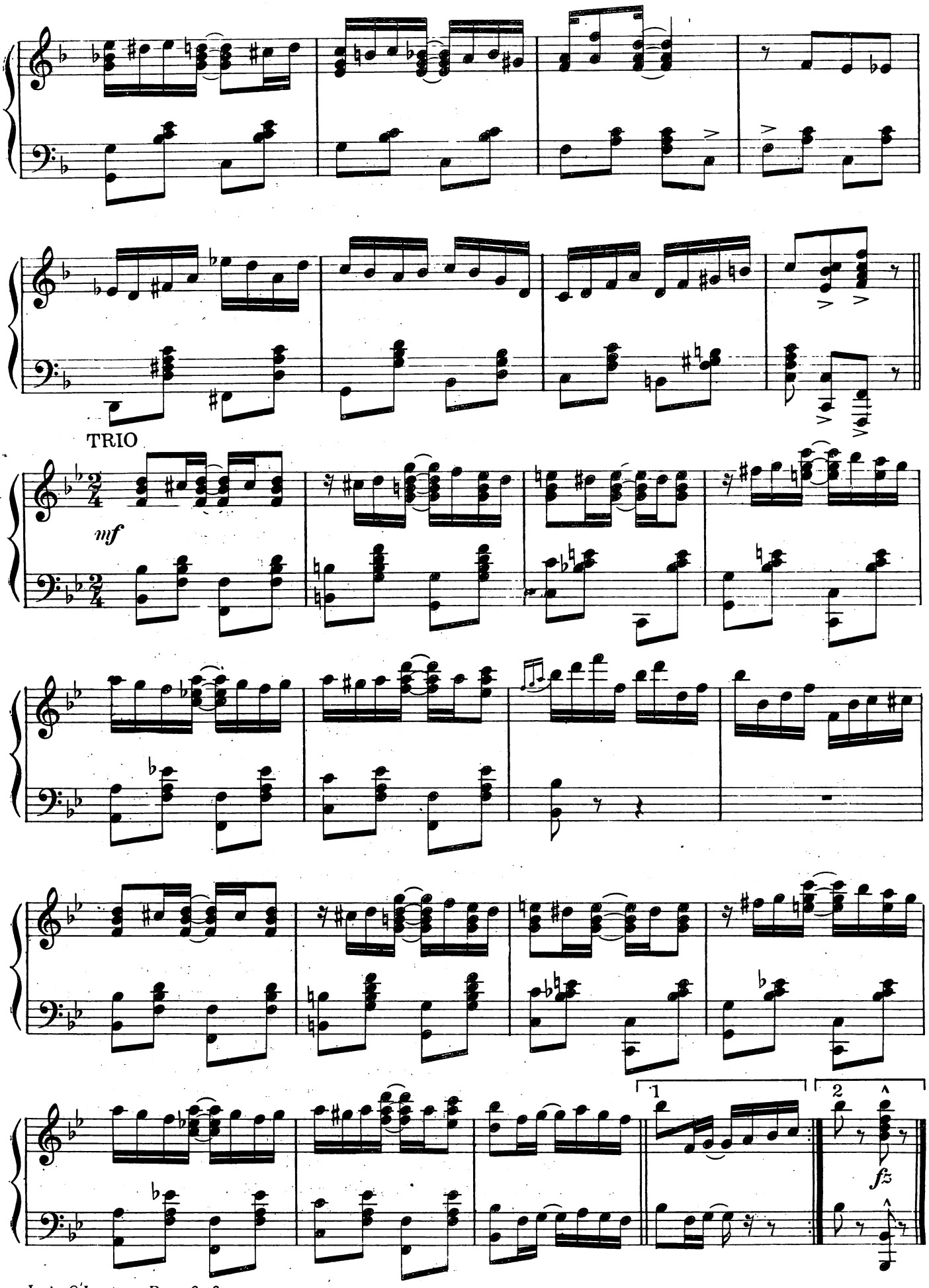
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WAYNE B. ALLEN

'BLIND' BOONE'S LAST MANAGER

by MADGE HARRAH

The mind of an old man sometimes holds a treasure of folk-lore which should not be lost with his death. Such were the stories told to me by the late Wayne B. Allen, 82-year old piano-tuner and ex-music-publisher, of his friendship with the Negro pianist, 'Blind" Boone.

Mr. Allen first mentioned 'Blind' Boone to me on a wintry afternoon several years ago as I stood shivering in his drafty second-floor workshop watching him refelt the hammers of an old piano. As he worked, he remarked with quiet pride, "You know, I was once 'Blind" Boone's manager."

"Who's 'Blind' Boone?" I asked.

Mr. Allen stared at me across the chasm of sixty years which separated us and said in a bleak voice, "Do you mean he has been forgotten?"

At the time, I was not concerned about my ignorance of 'Blind' Boone, for I was more interested in Mr. Allen himself. We had met the month before when, as a music student at the state university in Columbia, Missouri, I had taken my damaged violin to Mr. Allen to be repaired. I had climbed the dark, creaking stairs toward his workshop, but had paused doubtfully at the top, for the windowless hall turned away at a right angle and became pitch black within a short distance. Then, drawn toward the muffled tones of a tuner testing a piano, I had groped my way through the dark to a sagging door and knocked.

"Come on in!" called a cheerful voice. I opened the door and walked into one of the strangest rooms I've ever seen. A dusky, grimy loft above a furniture store, it was stacked to the ceiling on one side with a cascading pile of boxes, trash, and instrument parts. Strung around the walls on wires were violins, mandolins, banjos, and guitars--some ornate with inlaid woods, others mere skeletons in various stages of construction. There was an old piano in the center of the room with all the strings exposed, standing beside a half-assembled pump-organ. A path through the debris led to a glowing, old-fashioned Round Oak stove in one corner, surrounded by three old chairs, a coal bucket, a dilapidated cot, a wash-stand with a bowl and a water pitcher, a few battered pots and pans, and a peeling chest of drawers upon which sat a faded photograph of a little girl with long curls, high-topped shoes, and leg-of-mutton sleeves. There were torn calendars on the walls, some dating back more than twenty years, along with huge faddd prints in ornate gilt frames of Munsing Wear beauties and Gibson Girl pin-ups. But most amazing of all was the occupant of this room, Mr. Allen himself. There he stood before the piano, like a combination of Einstein and Santa Claus, leather apron drawn tight over a large paunch, white hair flying wild above a translucent, blue-veined forehead, delicate parchment-skinned hands holding a tuning fork. I stood staring at him, too dumb-struck to move, but he spied the violin in my hand and came forward with a warm smile. He took the instrument from me and examined it carefully, running his hands over the golden-red wood. I saw that he loved instruments for themselves as well as for the music they could make. We became

friends that afternoon as he worked on my violin, and I returned often thereafter to talk with him and to play the dozens of old pianos and organs which filled the block-long storage room adjoining his "apartment".

Now, a month later, it was Mr. Allen's turn to stare dumb-struck at me. "I thought everyone knew about 'Blind' Boone. Why, he was the greatest man I ever met!"

"But who was he?" I asked again, for Mr. Allen sometimes rambled in the maze of his memories.

"He was the best pianist who ever lived! Played classical music the first half of a concert, ragtime music the second half. You should have seen him in his prime, the way he'd sway back and forth at the keyboard, his hands just a blur! You never heard such music!"

Now Mr. Allen leaned against the piano, his dim blue eyes probing the past, and told me for the first time the saga of 'Blind' Boone.

"I didn't really get to know him until he was already famous, although he grew up in this area, like I did. He was born in an army camp near Miami, Missouri, back in 1864. His mother had been a slave to some of Daniel Boone's people. Now she was cooking in the camp for the soldiers, where Boone's father, a bugler was stationed. When the war ended, Boone's folks moved to Warrensburg, full of plans for a new life; but Boone, still a baby, got brain fever and almost died. His eyes became so infected that the doctor finally took them out and sewed the lids shut. Boone's mother worked as a wash-woman in different homes in Warrensburg and she took her little blind son with her everywhere. He was musical right from the start. Even when he was still small he used to make up his own songs and beat out the rhythms on a pan-lid. Soon he was playing the French harp, then the Jews harp, then toy flutes, anything for music! He taught other childred to play and, for awhile, had his own children's band. He told me about it later, how he used to play on street-corners and get pennies from the people. Then one day a gambler who was passing through town, Cromwell was his name, kidnapped Boone and took him along from town to town, making the boy play for money in saloons, and then taking away the money for himself to stake his games. Well, Boone's father found out where he was and started chasing Cromwell, so the gambler dressed Boone up like a girl, hoping to escape detection. One night, right here in Columbia, Cromwell lost all his money to a man named Sam Reiter in a poker game and he ended up gambling off Boone as well. Reiter kept the boy a prisoner in his attic for three days; but Boone's father finally found him and took him home again. After that some people in Warrensburg got money together and sent the boy off to the St. Louis School for the Blind, where the teachers tried to get him to weave brooms. Every chance he got, though, Boone would slip over to the Music Department and hide outside the windows to listen to the piano students practice. Then he would go in and play the music better than they could. He got so unhappy making brooms that he ran away from the school and bummed around St. Louis for awhile, making his living by playing his harmonica in Franklin Avenue and Morgan Street bars. Finally he decided to go home. Somehow he managed to get on a train bound back for Warrensburg. He had no money, but he played his harmonica for the conductor and the man let him ride free. Boone told me later that this was one of the turning points in his life, and that he owed a lot to that conductor."

We moved over to the stove in the corner and added more coal to the fire. Mr. Allen removed the stringless body of a guitar from one of the chairs, and I sat down and put my thin-soled slippers against the grate. Mr. Allen relaxed in another chair and once more took me with him back through time.

"There was nother blind piano player touring at that time, an old Negro called Blind Tom. He, like Boone's mother, had been a slave; but, because of his musical talents, he had performed all over America, competing with the local pianists in each town, playing immediately after them anything they played, including their mistakes which they sometimes threw in to trick him. Boone, still a child, arrived in Columbia just before Tom came through on tour. The theater was packed that night, the Negroes on one side, the white people on the other. Boone slipped in early and hid in the wings behind stage so he could hear better. Tom was getting old and feeble then, but he played well that night, defeating all challengers. Then one of the stage-hands discovered Boone and led him onstage. Boone played, and Tom repeated his performance. Then Tom played--and Boone sat down and played the same music, note for note, even though he had never heard it before. It brought down the house! 'Give him the chance,' people shouted, 'And he can be as great as Tom!' The local music-store owner"--("Whom I later bought out," interjected Mr. Allen, "When I went into business...") --gave Boone a piano then and there, and one of the college teachers offered Boone free piano lessons. Soon after that Boone went out on a trial tour and did so well that he returned to Columbia with several thousand dollars in a gunny sack which he then put in the bank. Later on he went on more tours and became quite wealthy; but that was the beginning, that night in the old Opera House, just down the street there, where you now see that laundromat."

That was all I heard about Boone that afternoon, for it was growing late. During my next visit, however, Mr. Allen told me another story about Boone.

"Once there was a tornado in Marshfield, Missouri, a town that was on Boone's concert schedule. The whole place blew away just before Boone arrived, all except for the city court house. Boone held his concert there, and, on the spur of the moment, right before the audience, he improvised his famous "Marshfield Tornado", with the wind and the rain and the thunder in the music, playing with his wrists and elbows as well as with his fingers, and that audience went wild! Then Boone donated all the proceeds from his concert toward rebuilding the town. He was a generous man, giving away pianos and organs as well as money, and people sometimes took advantage of him."

Sometimes I met other friends of Mr. Allen's on my visits. I walked downstairs one day with a young man who explained that he was Mr. Allen's relative.

"Mr. Allen is a fine man," I said.

"Yes", he said, "And generous, too. I'll bet over the years he's given away as many pianos as he's sold." So he and Boone had been alike. "He's sick, you know," the young man went on. "We're going to walk in one of these days and find him dead."

This was the first that I heard of Mr. Allen's illness. He himself never mentioned it. On my next several visits I approached his workshop with trepidation, but he always turned out to be so cheerful and busy that my fears for his health subsided. Although he had officially retired from business long ago, he still worked constantly, going from piano to piano, keeping them all in perfect tune. Occasionally he would take time off to conduct me on a tour through the dark storage loft. This room, so vast that the distant walls vanished into the gloom, was like a setting from a surrealistic dream. The roof had recently been tarred, and the tar had leaked through all over the ceiling and had solidified into long, black stalactites. Mr. Allen, in his leather apron, seemed like a gnome in a cave displaying his treasures. I had a suspended feeling in this loft, as though I had stepped through the doorway into another dimension, where time drifted like snow, where events fifty years old became as real as today's news.

"This is a parlour grand," Mr. Allen would say, removing a dusty brocaded cloth from the top of a piano as heavy and square as a dining-room table. "Listen to the sustaining pedal."

Then he would strike a G above Middle C, holding down the pedal, and the tone would ring out and hold--and hold--and hold. Mr. Allen would begin to grin and say, "You should have seen the women at the parties in those days, with their hair piled high and their gowns sweeping the floor. The big thing then was now how well you could sing, but how long you could hold the note!"

Then he would strike the key again, and, clasping his hands over his breast, sing the tone in a quavering falsetto, head thrown back, eyes disdainfully sweeping the suddenly visible crowd of frock-coated men checking their watches, breathless women clasping suspended fans. The crowd would disappear at last as Mr. Allen's worn-out voice cracked, and then he'd lean against the piano and laugh.

Near the parlour grand was an upright piano with the name WAYNE B. ALLEN lettered above the keyboard in gold Victorian scrpt, a gift to Mr. Allen from some long-defunct piano company.

Another piano nearby, richly carved and beautifully toned, held a card printed by Mr. Allen outlining the piano's history and giving its price--one-thousand dollars.

This price seemed to represent the epitome of big money to Mr. Allen. He showed me the model of a double-action hammer for pianos which he had invented. "And I sold the patent," he said proudly, "For a thousand dollars!"

Another story about a thousand dollars concerned 'Blind' Boone.

"After I became Boone's manager, we traveled together to Chicago where Boone was to audition for a piano-roll company. After we arrived, however, we found that the company had already hired a man from California. I left Boone downstairs

and I went up where all the men were gathered and I said, "I don't care who you've hired, I have a man with me who can outplay anyone in the world!" So they said, "Prove it!" and I said, "All right", and I wrote out a check to that company for a thousand dollars! Then I said, "If this man can't do everything I've claimed, this check is yours!" So I brought up Boone, and they brought in this man from California who had the longest fingers I've ever seen. A crowd had gathered by that time, and tension was running high. The Californian played first, for half-an-hour, his own composition, and he played well. When he finished at last, Boone applauded warmly, then walked unassisted over to a second piano which no one had told him about but which he had located from hearing the over-tones. Without even sitting down, he said, "That was very good. This is the part I liked best," and he whipped through the middle section without a flaw. That room went wild! The Californian shook my hand and said in a broken voice, "My God, I'd go to Hell and back for that man!" The next day Boone played the "Marshfield Tornado" for the rolls, but he went so fast and played so hard that he stripped the gears in the machine; so we came back to Missouri without a record of it, and now it's lost to the world."

Mr. Allen did show me other compositions by Boone, however, many of which Allen himself had published. From a cardboard box he lifted large sheets of music, yellow with age, bearing such titles as "Rag Medley No. 1", Rag Medley No. 11, Strains from the Flat Branch", "Caprice de Concert", "Love Feast Waltz". Boone's ragtime music was excellent; but his "serious" compositions were florid show-pieces typical of that era, full of tremulous octaves and rolling arpeggios. One piece of music had Boone's picture on the cover. He was a fat man, nicely dressed, with long curly hair, and a pleasant smile topped by a mustache. His vest was decorated with medals and with the fob of a large watch chain.

"That watch was his pride and joy, a gift from some nobleman on one of Boone's European concert tours," said Mr. Allen. "It had a diamond horseshoeon the back, and it chimed the time when you pushed a button. Boone used to let children play with it."

"When did you and Boone become friends?" I asked. Mr. Allen grinned, and then got that distant look in his eyes as he once more brought back the past.

"After Boone became famous, he performed all over the world. He played in tents for pioneers and in palaces for kings. He would tour all winter and then come back here to Columbia during the summer months to rest. He built a house here in town that is still standing, a funeral-home now. He also bought property in Warrensburg and in Kansas City, and became quite wealthy. He often gave money away, but exploitation made him angry. One day the owner of another music store here in town asked Boone to come by and try out his new pianos. Then he spread the word that Boone would be playing in his shop that afternoon. When Boone arrived, he found the place packed with customers whom the man had thus lured in. Boone was furious. He came down to my store, instead, and I locked the doors and let him play in peace. From that time on, we were friends."

"When did you become his manager?" I asked.

"Not until five years before his death. John Lange, his regular manager, had died, and, after that, people once more began to take advantage of Boone's generosity and blindness. I found out that a man here in town had given Boone some papers to sign, under the guise of regular business, which turned out to be checks for large sums of money and deeds to much of Boone's property. I've never been so mad. I went to this man's office and I leveled my pistol at his heart. 'You've known me all your life', I said, 'And you know I mean what I say. Either you tear up those papers, or I drop you where you stand!' He tore up the papers. Then I went to Boone and said, 'Don't sign another thing until I've read it first.' So he made me his manager, and I booked him for seventeen-hundred concerts over the next five years. When he became ill, I cancelled fifty-seven concerts in Illinois alone."

On my last visit with Mr. Allen, I heard one more anecdote about Boone's fabulous memory.

"There was an opera in town one week, and the star came into the store to buy some music. She saw Boone playing in the back of the room and said to me, 'I met him in Kansas twenty-four years ago when I was playing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Let's see if he remembers my voice.' Then she went back and spoke to him and asked, 'Do you know who I am?' 'Yes, of course,' said Boone with a grin, 'You're Little Eva!'"

When I told Mr. Allen good-by that day, he said, "Come back soon." But I became busy with exams and vacation, and so it was several weeks before I remarked to a friend one day that I was on my way to visit Mr. Allen. She looked at me in surprise and said, "Didn't you know? Mr. Allen died. All his things were auctioned off last weekend."

That evening I stood for awhile at the foot of his stairs looking at the faded sign, LEARN TO PLAY -- 10¢ A DAY. I didn't go up, for I couldn't bear to see the place swept clean.

Now, years later, I still wonder who bought the square parlour grand, the piano with Mr. Allen's name in gold, the box of 'Blind' Boone's music. They own priceless treasures from a vanished age.

THE RAGTIME SOCIETY'S ANNUAL BASH

This is a reminder that there is still time to let us know if you plan to attend the "Bash". It looks as though it will be the biggest and best party yet . Many notables have notified us of their plans to attend, among these will be Al Rose, Tom Shea, John Arpin, Walt Gower, Charles Rasch, Tex Wyndham, Kerry Price, Henry Cuesta, Olive Brown , Mike Montgomery and many others, and of course our guest of honour Eubie Blake. If you are going to come please let us know as far in advance as you can.

The following selections were issued to subscribers of the REPRINT CLUB-CHAPTER IV These are available at $1. 00 each.

SR-088 A Bran Dance Shuffle (Wade Harrison) 1902
SR-089 Sleepy Sidney (Archie Scheu) 1907
SR-090 Nonsense Rag (R. G. Grady) 1911
SR-091 The Entertainer's Rag (Jay Roberts) 1912
SR-092 The Rag Picker's Rag (Robt. J. O'Brien) 1904
SR-093 The Darkey Tickle (E. B. Hunt) 1892
SR-094 For Aunt Clorinda's Cake (Jos. D. & Kelso Murdock) 1899
SR-095 South Car'lina Sift (George Lowell Tracy) 1897
SR-096 The Texas Teaser (George Lowell Tracy) 1898
SR-097 Just Laughin' (A. E. Henrich) 1899
SR-098 Alabama Blossom (Chas. L. Baar) 1899
SR-099 Virginia Two -Step (H. H. Mincer) 1899
SR-100 Cotton Picker's Rag (Harry O. Sutton) 1899
SR-101 "Cleanin' Up" In Georgia (Harry P. Guy) 1899
SR-102 Red Rambler Rag (Julia Lee Niebergall) 1912
SR-103 Wireless Rag (Adaline Shepherd) 1909
SR-104 Novelty Rag (May Auf'derheide) 1911
SR-105 Possum Rag (Geraldine Dobyns) 1907
SR-106 The Aviator Rag (Irene M . Giblin) 1910
SR-107 Rastus On Parade (Kerry Mills) 1895
SR-108 The Lily Rag (Charles Thomps on) 1914
SR-109 Ma Ragtime Queen (J. F. Barth) 1902
SR-110 Cloud Kisser Rag (Raymond Birch) 1911
SR-111 Billiken Rag (E. J. Stark) 1913

REPRINT CLUB NEWS-

The above rags were issued last year to members of the reprint club. As you can see there is a considerable saving to be made on these rags by paying only $10.00 to belong to the current chapter of the Reprint Club. We have had much favorable comment as to the quality of the rags and can assure you that they are a good bargain .. The third mailout for this year has now gone out to members and will be followed shortly by the fourth .

SOMETHING DOING...

JOHN ARPIN - appearing at Sutton Place Hotel (Stop 33), Bay and Wellesley in Toronto between 5:30 and 8:00 p. m .

DON BURNS - appearin in Hamburg, New York

DON EWELL - appearing with the Dukes of Dixieland . .

JOHNNY MADDOX- at the Westward Hotel in Anchorage Alaska, Oct. 6 to Nov. 22.

KEN MAYHERCY- "Ragtime $ Bill" is appearing in Sarasota, Wyo.

MAX MORATH - His off Broadway Show "At the Turn of the Century" is on the road.

WALLY ROSE - appearing at the Gold Dust Lounge, 247 Powell St. San Francisco.

LOWELL SCHREYER- at Michael's Gay 90's Restaurant (banjo) Saturday nights in Mankato, Minn. (He has been here for 7 years)

BOB SEELEY - at Charlie Browns in Detroit, Mich.

RALPH SUTTON - at Sunnie's in Aspen Colorado.

TREBOR TICHENORand The St. Louis Ragtimers:
can be heard on the Golden rod Showboat in St. Louis, Missouri.

TEX WYNDHAM - and the Red Lion Jazz Band;
at Tylers Restaurant, 1101 Philadelphia Pike, Wilmington, Del. .

PERFORMERS: Please keep us posted on your whereabouts and your schedule will appear in this column.

HALLOW E'EN

(JACK O'LANTERN RAG)

by

ARTHUR MANLOWE

COMPOSER OF

"EGYPTIA"

FAIRY LAND WALTZ

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PUBLISHED FOR

BAND

AND

ORCHESTRA

WILL ROSSITER
THE CHICAGO PUBLISHER
152 LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.
ALBERT & SON SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
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